

# Good 626 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## ALL IN THE PICTURE FOR A.B. LESLIE SMITH



WE'RE sorry we missed you by so few hours when we called at 134 Ambleside Drive, Thorpe Bay, Southend. A.B. Leslie Smith; if we had only known we might have called earlier.

As it is, there is not much news we can give you; but we did get a photograph, which we think you will like. Cora absolutely insisted on being in the photograph, as you will see, and, of course, Sandra insisted on having her doll with her.

Once again, Leslie, sorry we called just those few hours too late, but the family photograph will catch up with you, wherever you may be, and will recall your leave at home. So good luck!

The fact is that Glasgow thought the war was far away when it began. A municipal spokesman said that there would not be any bombing of Glasgow; and the next thing that happened was that Nazi

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**Truth is said to be stranger than fiction, but sometimes fiction is more entertaining as little Tommy proved when he got the intruder to act the part of a fictional burglar and say his piece according to the formula set down by the novelists. Story by O. HENRY**

AT ten o'clock p.m., Felicia, the maid, left by the basement door with the policeman to get a raspberry phosphate around the corner. She detested the policeman and objected earnestly to the arrangement. She pointed out, not unreasonably, that she might have been allowed to fall asleep over one of St. George Rathbone's novels on the third floor, but she was overruled. Raspberries and cops were not created for nothing.

The burglar got into the house without much difficulty; because we must have action and not too much description in a 2,000-word story.

In the dining-room he opened the slide of his dark lantern. With a brace and centre-bit he began to bore into the lock of the silver-closet.

Suddenly a click was heard. The room was flooded with electric light. The dark velvet portieres parted to admit a fair-haired boy of eight in pink pyjamas, bearing a bottle of olive oil in his hand.

"Are you a burglar?" he asked, in a sweet, childish voice.

"Listen to that," exclaimed the man, in a hoarse voice. "Am I a burglar? What do you suppose I have a three-days' growth of bristly beard on my face for, and a cap with flaps? Give me the oil, quick, and let me grease the bit, so I won't wake up your mamma, who is lying down with a headache, and left you in charge of Felicia, who has been faithless to her trust."

"Oh, dear," said Tommy, with a sigh. "I thought you

would be more up-to-date. This oil is for the salad when I bring lunch from the pantry for you."

"Be quiet," hissed the burglar, under his breath. "If you raise an alarm I'll wring your neck like a rabbit's."

"Like a chicken's," corrected Tommy. "You had that wrong. You don't wring rabbits' necks."

"Aren't you afraid of me?" asked the burglar.

"You know I'm not," answered Tommy. "Don't you suppose I know fact from fiction? If this wasn't a story I'd yell like an Indian when I saw you; and you'd probably

tumble downstairs and get pinched on the sidewalk."

"I see," said the burglar, "that you're on to your job. Go on with the performance."

Tommy seated himself in an armchair and drew his toes up under him.

"Why do you go around robbing strangers, Mr. Burglar? Have you no friends?"

"I see what you're driving at," said the burglar, with a dark frown. "It's the same old story. Your innocence and childish insouciance is going to lead me back into an honest life. Every time I crack a crib where there's a kid around, it happens."

"Would you mind gazing with wolfish eyes at the plate of cold beef that the butler has left on the dining table?"

said Tommy. "I'm afraid it's growing late."

The burglar accommodated. "Poor man," said Tommy, "you must be hungry. If you will please stand in a listless attitude I will get you something to eat."

The boy brought a roast chicken, a jar of marmalade, and a bottle of wine from the pantry. The burglar seized a knife and fork sullenly.

"It's only been an hour," he grumbled, "since I had a lobster and a pint of mustard ale up on Broadway. I wish these story writers would let a fellow have a pepsin tablet, anyhow, between feeds."

"Why do you burgle houses?" asked the boy, wonderingly.

"Because," replied the burglar, with a sudden flow of tears. "God bless my little brown-haired girl Bessie at home."

"Ah," said Tommy, wrinkling his nose, "you got that answer in the wrong place. You want to tell your hard-luck story before you pull out the child stop."

"Oh, yes," said the burglar. "I forgot."

Tommy looked his admiration. "You're on, all right," he said.

"And there's a mistake you've made," said the burglar. "You should have gone some time ago and brought me the \$9 gold-piece your mother gave you on your birthday to take for? I think the S.P.C.C. ought

to interfere. I'm sure it's neither agreeable nor usual for

to take to Bessie," said Tommy, pouting.

"Come, come," said the burglar sternly. "It's not nice of you to take advantage because the story contains an ambiguous sentence. You know what I mean.

"It's mighty little I get out of these fictional jobs, anyhow. I lose all the loot, and I have to reform every time, and all the swag I'm allowed is the blamed little fol-de-rols and luck-pieces that you kids hand over."

"Why, in one story, all I got was a kiss from a little girl who came in on me when I was opening a safe. And it tasted of molasses candy, too. I've a good notion to tie this table-cover over your head and keep on into the silver-closet."

"Oh, no, you haven't," said Tommy, wrapping his arms around his knees. "Because if you did no editor would buy the story. You know you've got to preserve the unities."

"So've you," said the burglar, rather glumly. "Instead of sitting here talking impudence and talking the bread out of a poor man's mouth, what you'd like to be doing is hiding under the bed and screeching at the top of your voice."

"You haven't got all the kicks coming to you," sighed Tommy, crawling out of his chair. "Think of the sleep I'm losing. But it's tough on both of us, old man. I wish you could get out of the story and really rob somebody. Maybe you'll have the chance if they dramatise us."

"Never!" said the burglar gloomily. "Between the box

office and my better impulses that your leading juveniles are

supposed to awaken and the magazines that pay on publication, I guess I'll always be broke."

"I'm sorry," said Tommy sympathetically. "But I can't

(Continued on Page 3)

# Tommy's Burglar



1. A thirl is a wooden thimble, dance, perforation, female thrush, fish?

2. What is meant by the timbre of a musical note?

3. What is the difference between (a) auger, (b) augur?

4. What is the meaning of the names (a) Edward, (b) Esau?

5. What are the other common names of the plant, Virgin's bower?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and way?—Lead, Straw, Stone, Slate, Copper, Hay, Brick.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 625

1. Musical instrument.

2. 90 lb.

3. (a) Beginning, (b) wild marjoram (plant).

4. (a) Proud chieftain, (b) well-beloved.

5. Willow-herb.

6. Castor is a second-magnitude star; others are first magnitude.

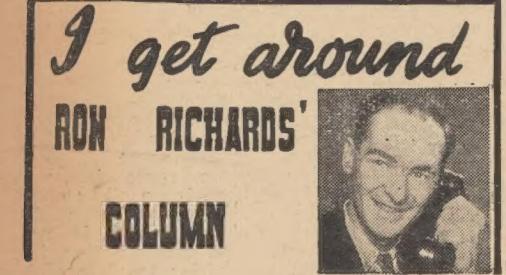
### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE



THE "Royal Express Inn," Bourne's Bank, Burslem, has plainly a coaching sign, though the house does not appear in the list of inns in Burslem in coaching days. There was an alehouse on or near the same spot in 1750, but the name of the sign is not known. In 1802 coaches left Burslem at six o'clock every morning for London and Liverpool.

In 1817 the "Prince Saxe Cobourg" ("only four inside") left the "Crown" in Liverpool every morning at seven, and arrived in London at the "Swan with Two Necks" ("the following day at three o'clock precisely!"). It reached Burslem from Congleton at 1.30, stayed forty minutes for the passengers' dinner, and set off again for Stone at 2.10. Other coaches included the "Night Post," the "Regulator," the "Hero," the "Independent Potter," and the "Sovereign." In 1828 the "Royal Express" ran every evening to London via Stone, and every day at 12.30 by Lawton and Knutsford to Manchester. The house is, of course, called after the coach last-named, and is certainly as old as 1828.



BRISTOL has suffered another severe and crippling loss. That majestic building, Colston Hall, has been destroyed by fire, adding to the desolation so savagely wrought by the Luftwaffe.

This is the second time within living memory that Colston Hall has been destroyed in this way. Gone, too, is the beautiful organ so well known to the people of Bristol and music lovers all over the world. The loss of Colston Hall is a serious blow to Bristol at a time when, as a centre of amusement and culture, it contributed much to the high morale shown by the people of Bristol in this sixth year of war. Some of the events billed for Colston Hall were held at the Central Hall in Old Market. But in the plan for the Bristol of the future we may be assured that the new Colston Hall will rank high as fulfilling a necessary part of the city's cultural life.



An ultra-modern woman is one who, seeing the wolf at the door, is reminded that she needs a new fur coat.

**Wangling Words No. 565**

1. Behead to yell and get a tool.  
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Now nerve tanif raiif dima rehat.**  
3. What famous explorer had KL for the exact middle of his name?  
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: **Was the fields-man's — — risking an extra run?**

**Answers to Wangling Words—No. 564**

1. W-all.  
2. When work is done the pipe don't shun.  
3. HuDson.  
4. Last Salt.

**JANE****RUGGLES****GARTH****JUST JAKE****PUZZLE CORNER**

1. When Yvonne said "Sta-build nests with hay, all birds' tionery," Cuthbert said "Dairy." nests contain feathers, and some What word linked these two hay comes from haystacks, is it necessarily true that haystacks do not supply building for (a) animals, (b) birds, and that (c) Thick, Long, High.

2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Tall, Short, Wide, Thin, Worn, Thick, Long, High.

3. R.A.F. is to the Royal Flying Corps what the Army is to the: Home Guard, Navy, A.R.F., Police Force?

4. If we call miles days, feet minutes, and shillings beers, how many beers would you need at one beer per minute to get seven days of mail-bagging?

5. Rearrange the following words to make sense, and correct the statement if it is false: Was Mandalay time of long India a capital the ago.

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Ox, Heifer, Calf, Cow, Bull, Stal-lion, Bullock.

7. If some animals never

TRY YOUR HAND.

1			
2			
3			
4			
5			
6			
7			

(Solution in No. 627)

**WHO IS IT?**

When you have filled in the missing words according to the clues given below, you will find that the centre column down gives you the name of a famous Russian novelist.

1. The name of a colouring substance.  
2. Distant.

**Red Lions and Bears**

THE finest way to learn geography is to buy a bicycle and take the lessons at first-hand. It has been done, with advantage, by venturesome Englishmen all over the world. The counsel applies equally to history, nor need one leave these shores to indulge, at least for many a fruitful year.

There is history a-plenty in the creak of every inn sign. For although the building owning it may come tumbling down with age, the sign itself goes on for ever. We were speaking last time of the "Red Lion" at Aldgate.

The body of the original "Red Lion" sign has long since disappeared, but thousands of Red Lions up and down the country proclaim the age when the lord of the manor was indeed LORD of the manor, when the peasantry were his serfs and soldiers, and even the taverns adopted an emblem from his coat of arms.

There are, similarly, the Bulls, Boars, Stags, Hinds, and, of course, scores of others. But perhaps the most historically significant of them all is the Bear, the ancient badge of the Earls of Warwick and of Leicester.

Nearly always the sign denoted proximity to a one-time bear garden or bear stake, as at the "Bear Inn," Southgate—a pub so old that a poem of 1691 called it "the first house in Southgate built after the Flood."

**J. M. Michaelson**

**CROSS-WORD CORNER**

HECKLE	DIMS
AXIF	MO
SPINET	COUGAT
HOP	LED
STRAP	CODE
O	FORE
AGENCY	GOL
IMP	CUSHY
LAIR	YEA
ERNEST	BIB
DEEP	ANGOLA
	NOES
	DEEP HOUNDS

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10			11		12			
13							14	
15			16		17		18	
					19		20	
21	22		23					24
			26	27				25
28					29	30		31
32					33		34	
35				36	37			
38							39	

**CLUES ACROSS.**—1 Plant. 5 Badgered. 10 Stir up. 12 Alkali. 13 Throw. 14 Play on words. 15 Written message. 16 Young animal. 18 Spice. 19 Band of decoration. 21 Number. 23 Limitation. 24 Doctor. 26 Had a game. 28 Congress. 29 Row. 31 Printer's copy. 32 Male animal. 33 Square solids. 35 On the surface. 37 Dress. 38 Kindly. 39 Print as before.

**CLUES DOWN.**—1 Occur. 2 Boy's name. 3 Nonsense. 4 Male deer. 5 Remain. 6 Exists. 7 Precious stone. 8 Brought out. 9 European. 11 Deceitful. 17 Parched. 18 Paid up. 20 Accuse. 22 Sleep-inducer. 23 Perched. 25 Apple. 27 Fruit. 28 Dull. 30 Small coal. 31 Sheer. 34 Portion. 36 Three and a bit. 37 One.

# Good Morning

**SECRET WEAPON.** Hundreds of copies of this pin-up of Frances Vorne, "the shape," are being dropped by Yank fliers on Jap troops. On the back is this message in Japanese: "Eat your hearts out you monkeys, here's what we're fighting for." Expect the Jap war to end any day now!



If a man can tell White Horse Whisky blindfold, can a brown mare tell a white horse with blinkers on? We leave it to you, chums—but don't write to us about it!



Our roving cameraman put in a day's hard work trying to date up this beautiful Borneo girl. That's how the legend of the Wild Man of Borneo started!

**RUNNING REPAIRS.** First we had the woman "backseat driver." Then she took the wheel into her own hands. And now we must be prepared for the woman who can do repairs better than mere man. Just listen to this: "It's not the cotter pin, you sap, it's the packing in the split ring gasket." You have been warned!

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

